

Inhaler

Day_Break

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Summary:

Richie pays Eddie a visit

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Author's Note:

Of course, something depressing as hell is what inspired me to write again. Anyway, I was inspired by this tumblr post: <http://bit.ly/2yndBqS>

Also, if you want to follow me on tumblr, you can find me at [therareshipcollectors](#), although the blog is basically inactive except for the occasional burst of sudden motivation which you are currently witnessing.

Hope you enjoy!

Richie stood in the graveyard, staring at the ground. The grave didn't even have a headstone yet, just one of those small plastic placeholder cards, which honestly kind of made him feel like he was at some sort of fucked up art exhibit. *Welcome to the world's worst museum, we hope you're emotionally traumatized by the experience.* Richie chuckled dryly to himself, although he didn't really find it funny.

It was hard to find anything funny anymore.

"Hey, asshole," Richie muttered to the ground beneath him, "whatever jackass put this name tag up couldn't even be bothered to spell your name right. You shall now and forever be known as *Eddie Kasbrak*, unless of course somebody calls the fuckin' stone masons or whoever the hell and tells them that there's actually supposed to be a 'p' somewhere in there."

Richie's mouth twisted into something that might have been a smile.

"I just nearly made maybe the best dick joke the world would have ever seen, but I figured you wouldn't like that, and I don't want you going to the effort of digging yourself out of there just to tell me I'm an idiot. Believe me, I know."

Richie felt his throat start to ache, and he struggled to swallow.

Blinking rapidly, he reached into his pocket, fingers wrapping around a small tube of plastic.

“You won't believe what I found.” He held up the object in his hand. “It's one of your old inhalers. Actually, it was in the pocket of an old jacket of mine. I always carried it around with me, just in case. I know you had that epiphany or whatever and didn't need that stuff anymore, but if your stupid lungs ever decided to become shit bags again, I wanted to be ready.”

Richie meant to laugh, but the sound that came out was more like a sob.

He felt his chest tighten. “Of course, I guess it doesn't really matter now, does it? Stan's gone, you're gone, the whole thing's a shit show.”

Richie struggled to take a breath.

“But, hey! At least we finally killed that fucking clown, right Eds? Apparently that's what really matters, y'know, big picture and all that shit, but I'm not exactly over the moon down here on earth.”

Richie laughed, but he felt tears running down his face. He choked in a breath, feeling his legs give out from under him. He gripped the inhaler painfully tight as he slowly fell forward until his forehead touched the earth, his free hand digging into the dirt. His chest heaved, and he felt like he might throw up.

He spoke, and his words were shaky and garbled.

“I'm about to say something stupid, so brace yourself.”

Richie tried to take a deep breath, but it wouldn't come.

“I'd give anything to have you back, Eds,”

A sob ripped through him.

“Fucking anything. Fuck this town, Eds, the clown can fucking have it. It doesn't matter, *none of it matters*, not if you're not here.”

Richie was shaking, sobbing.

"I'd take it back. I'd take it all back, if you came back too."

Richie started laughing, and his breath choked him.

"I can't breathe, Eds. I can't fucking breathe, and you're not here. I can't breathe, but I'm still talking. I don't know how to fucking shut up, and you're not here to show me how. All I've got is this fucking inhaler."

Richie sat up, his face streaked with tears and dirt.

"You think it'll help me? I don't think so, the only person it ever helped was you."

He set the inhaler on the ground, just underneath the nameplate.

"I'll leave it here for you, Eds. And shit, I'll call those fuckin headstone people and make sure they're spelling your goddamn name right."

He stood up, and stared down at the nameplate and inhaler. He shook his head, swallowing another sob.

"I'll see you later, Eddie Kaspbrak."

He smiled sadly, and chuckled humorlessly to himself.

"Fucking loser."